

MACHINE
MAN

MARVEL® COMICS GROUP

BY THE
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CARTOON
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MACHINE man™

THE LIVING ROBOT

FROM ACROSS THE UNIVERSE,
COMES THE MALEVOLENT
MENACE OF--

TEN-FOR,
THE MEAN MACHINE!



This is the story of X-51—a thinking computer in the form of a man. As Aaron Stack, he tries to find a place in a world that's not quite ready for his kind—but will he find it as friend, foe, or the greatest hero of them all?

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **MACHINE MAN™, THE LIVING ROBOT!**

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THEY ANSWERED AN INTERGALACTIC DISTRESS CALL--WITHOUT KNOWING WHO SENT IT...

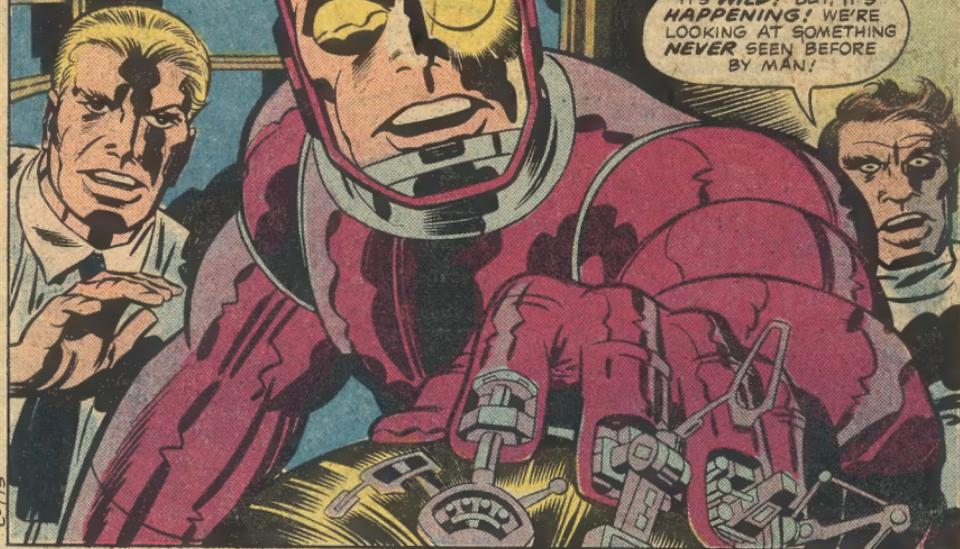
TEN-FOR, THE MEAN MACHINE

PROJECTING A VISUAL IMAGE FROM THE HUMAN MIND IS A GREAT ACHIEVEMENT, MACHINE MAN!

YES...

ESPECIALLY WHEN THAT IMAGE ORIGINATES FROM A GALAXY FAR BEYOND OUR OWN!

IT'S WILD! BUT, IT'S HAPPENING! WE'RE LOOKING AT SOMETHING NEVER SEEN BEFORE BY MAN!



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FROM A DISTANCE OF THOUSANDS OF LIGHT YEARS, AN ALIEN SPACEMAN HAS UTILIZED A RECEPTIVE HUMAN MIND TO SEND A DISTRESS CALL AND A PLEA FOR RESCUE...

THERE'S NO DOUBT OF IT!

WHAT WE'RE OBSERVING IS A SPACESHIP TRAPPED BY THE MAGNETIC PULL OF A GIANT SUN!

IT WILL SOON BE DRAWN INTO THAT INFERNAL AND DESTROYED!

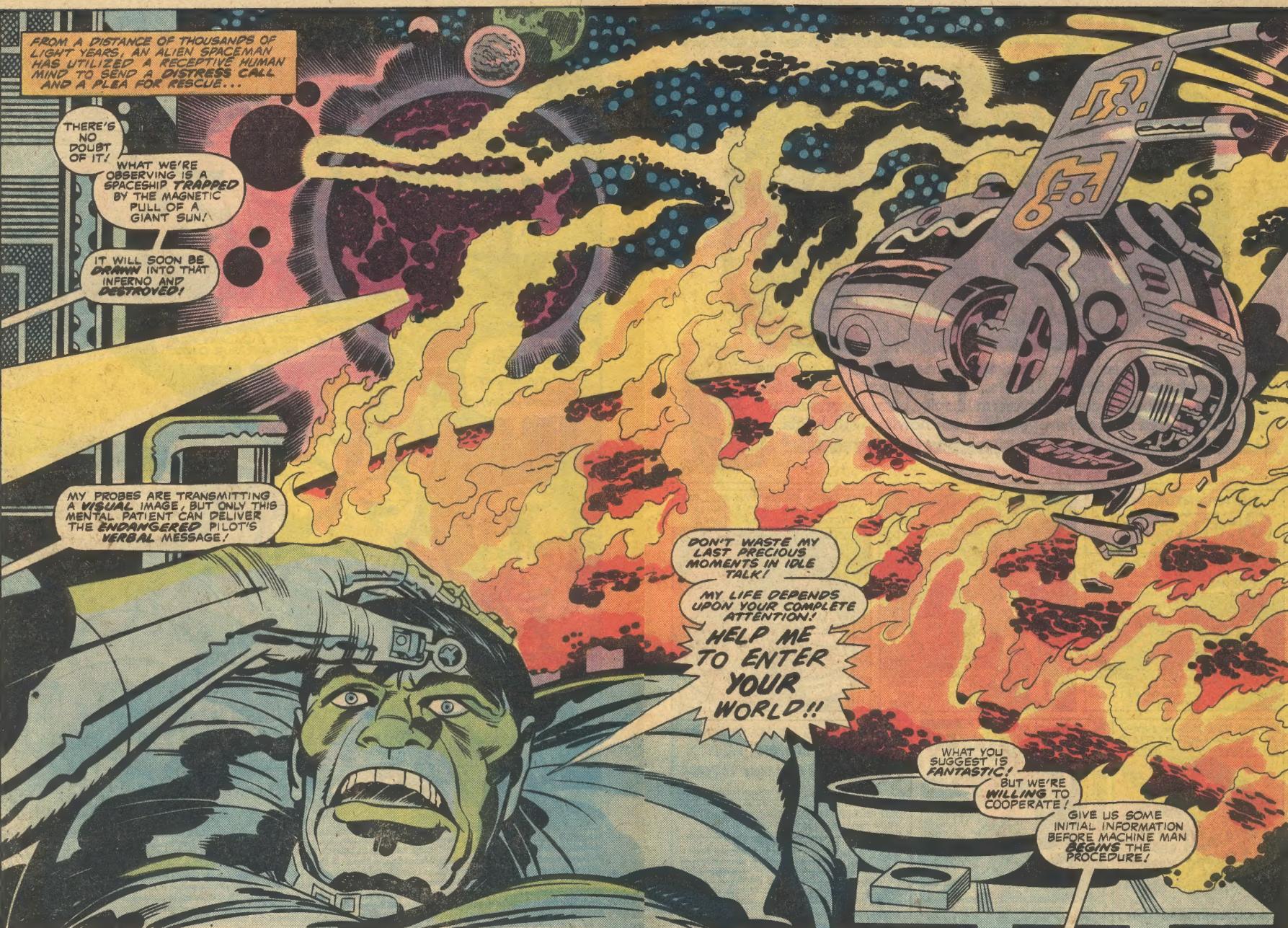
MY PROBES ARE TRANSMITTING A VISUAL IMAGE, BUT ONLY THIS MENTAL PATIENT CAN DELIVER THE ENDANGERED PILOT'S VERBAL MESSAGE!

DON'T WASTE MY LAST PRECIOUS MOMENTS IN IDLE TALK!

MY LIFE DEPENDS UPON YOUR COMPLETE ATTENTION!
HELP ME TO ENTER YOUR WORLD!!

WHAT YOU SUGGEST IS FANTASTIC!
BUT WE'RE WILLING TO COOPERATE!

GIVE US SOME INITIAL INFORMATION BEFORE MACHINE MAN BEGINS THE PROCEDURE!



WHEN THE IMAGE FADES ...

WHO ARE YOU?

NOW CAN WE HELP YOU?

DON'T GET UPSET!
ALL THEY WANT
ARE SIMPLE
ANSWERS!

FOOLS! KEEP
SILENT AND
OBEY MY
INSTRUCTIONS!

SURE, PAL!
ANYTHING
YOU SAY--
JUST TAKE
IT EASY!



DOCTOR SPALDING, AND
I ARE CERTAINLY
WILLING TO LISTEN,
BUT REMEMBER ... YOUR
INSTRUCTIONS **MUST**
MAKE SENSE
TO US!

DO YOU THINK
WE CAN ACTUALLY
DO SOMETHING
TO--?



ALL THINGS ARE **RELATIVE**
IN THIS UNIVERSE. IF HE
CAN TELL US HOW TO DO
IT-- I BELIEVE WE CAN
RESCUE HIM!

I THINK
IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!

THAT'S STILL
A TALL ORDER,
MACHINE MAN!

IT'S NOT,
I TELL YOU--
IT'S NOT!



AT THAT MOMENT, OUTSIDE OF CENTRAL CITY...

I'VE LOCATED
MACHINE MAN,
COLONEL
KRAKK!
HE'S COMING
IN LOUD
AND CLEAR!

GOOD! WE'RE
READY TO GIVE
HIM SOME ACTION!

WATCH IT,
SOLDIER! IF THIS
SONIC CAP PISTOL
GOES OFF, IT'LL
SHAKE US INTO
A CLOUD OF
FINE DUST!

LUCKILY, IT ISN'T
DIFFICULT TO
TRACK DOWN
OUR QUARRY, SIR.

WE CAN ZERO IN ON THE
HOMING DEVICE IMPLANTED
IN HIS SKULL -- BUT THE
IMPORTANT THING IS TO
NAIL HIM!

WHEN WE DESTROY THAT LIVING
MACHINE, THE BOOK WILL CLOSE ON
THE SECRET PROJECT WHICH COST
ME MANY MEN AND THE LOSS OF
AN EYE!

WE'LL
GET
HIM,
COLONEL.
YOU CAN
COUNT ON IT!

LET'S MOVE IT! ROLL
THIS CONVOY INTO
TOWN AND TAKE UP
ASSAULT POSITIONS!

REVENGE IS WHAT
WE'RE AFTER! TO WIPE
OUT THE TARGET IS
TO REGAIN OUR
HONOR!

ONE
FINAL
REPORT,
SIR!

ACCORDING TO OUR MAPS, THE
TARGET HAS BEEN TRACED TO
THE VICINITY OF THE CENTRAL
CITY SANATORIUM.

WE'LL HAVE
TO DO BETTER
THAN THAT! HE'S
GOT TO BE
PINPOINTED
IN A PRECISE
LOCATION!

MEANWHILE...

MORE EQUATIONS AND
SCHEMATIC DRAWINGS,
EH? IT SEEMS
INCREDIBLE TO ME
THAT YOU CAN POSSIBLY
INTERPRET THE DEEP
SPACE DRIVE
YOU'VE BEEN GIVEN!

YOU FORGET THAT
I'M THE **ULTIMATE**
COMPUTER, DOC!



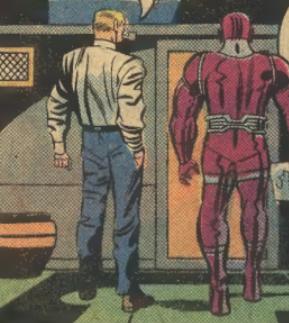
MAY I PRESENT WHAT I
CALL THE "**"INSTRUMENT"**?
THAT NAME
WILL SERVE
AS WELL AS
ANY
OTHER
AT THIS
STAGE.

IT LOOKS LIKE
POP SCULPTURE...
THE KIND
YOU SEE AT
SIDEWALK
ART SHOWS!



YOU'RE NOTHING LESS
THAN THE **NINTH**
WONDER OF THE WORLD!

WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN
DOING IN THAT ROOM
YOU ASKED FOR?



I'M USING
IT AS A
TEST AREA
FOR THE
WORKING
MODEL I'VE
MADE FROM
THESE
SCHEMATICS!
IF YOU'D LIKE
TO WITNESS
A BIT OF
DIMENSION
DABBING,
COME ALONG!

DO YOU MEAN TO
TELL ME THAT THIS
SIMPLE OBJECT
HAS THE POWER TO
REACH ACROSS THE
GALAXIES?!

ONLY A PROPER TEST
WILL GIVE US THE ANSWER.

I'M ABOUT
TO INSTALL
THE
FINAL
UNIT...



THIS THING WAS
CONSTRUCTED WITH
MATERIAL TAKEN
FROM MY **OWN**
BODY STRUCTURE.
IT'S BEEN A
RELATIVELY
SMOOTH AND
SWIFT
PIECE OF
WORK--

--**TOO EASY**
FOR MY LIKING!
THERE'S SOME-
THING ABOUT OUR
SPACEMAN THAT
DISTURBS ME...

BUT, WE
HAVEN'T
TIME TO
HESITATE!
HE MAY **Die**
BEFORE WE
REACH A
DECISION!



I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT.
PERHAPS IT'S THE WAY HIS
PERSONALITY COMES
THROUGH -- THE STARK
ARROGANCE IN HIS
MANNER --

FORGET IT!
WE'RE DEALING
WITH A
DESPERATE
MAN IN A
CONDITION OF
SEVERE
STRESS!

WRONG, DOC! WE DON'T
KNOW WHO OR WHAT WE'RE
DEALING WITH... BUT, AS
YOU SAY, IT **WOULDN'T**
BE HUMANE TO LET HIM
DIE!



BUT, THE MOMENT MACHINE MAN FASTENS
THE FINAL UNIT...

LOOK OUT!
IT'S
EXPLODING!

THIS THING IS
SELF-ACTIVATING!

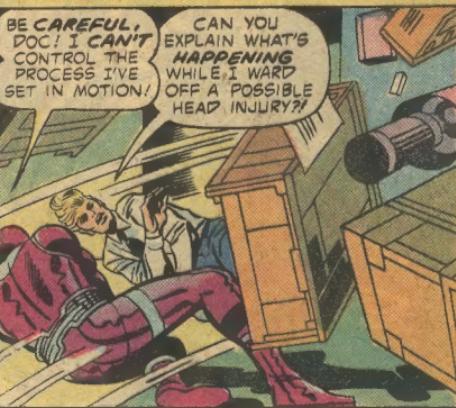
BLAT!



THE CLOSED ROOM IS SUDDENLY SEIZED BY A
STRANGE FORCE OF RISING STRENGTH...

BE CAREFUL,
DOC! I CAN'T
CONTROL THE
PROCESS I'VE
SET IN MOTION!

CAN YOU
EXPLAIN WHAT'S
HAPPENING
WHILE I WARD
OFF A POSSIBLE
HEAD INJURY?!



IT'S A **DISPLACEMENT**
WIND, CAUSED BY THE
RAPID COLLAPSE OF
SPACE AND TIME! WE'RE
BREAKING THE DIMENSION
BARRIER!

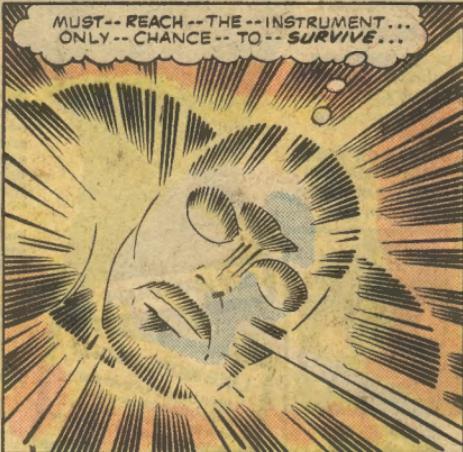
WE'VE OPENED
A DOOR TO THE
UNIVERSE
ITSELF!



EVERY OBJECT IN
THIS ROOM IS BEING
DRAWN INTO
ANOTHER GALAXY!

THAT MAY INCLUDE
YOU, DOC! YOU'RE
LEAVING RIGHT NOW!







AT THAT MOMENT...

TAKING REFUGE IN THAT SANATORIUM IS A **BIZARRE** BUT CLEVER MOVE ON MACHINE MAN'S PART!



THANKS TO THAT HOMING DEVICE IN HIS STEEL SKULL, WE'VE TRACED HIM TO THIS PLACE!

WE'VE GOT HIM **COLD!**



ORDER THE MEN TO DISEMBARK AND TAKE THEIR ASSIGNED POSITIONS.



YES SIR.
WE'RE ALSO
PLACING THE **HEAVY SONIC**
WEAPONS WHERE THEY
CAN BE **MOST**
EFFECTIVE!



THEN...

OKAY, LET'S DO IT ON THE DOUBLE! WE'VE GOT TO BE READY TO DROP OUR **BIRD** BEFORE HE DECIDES TO **FLY** THE COOP!

SOME **BIRD**...
SOME **COOP**!



DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT!
THIS TIME, WE'VE GOT MORE EQUIPMENT THAN HE HAS!

I HEAR WE'VE GOT GADGETS THAT CAN TRACK HIS EVERY STEP!

NUMBER TWO SQUAD!

COVER THE BUILDING'S EAST WING!





MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE SANATORIUM...

WE'RE GOING TO SAVE YOU, SPACEMAN, BUT THIS TIME IT SHALL BE DONE OUR WAY!

NO! THE EXCHANGE METHOD IS INFALLIBLE!

YOU CAN'T EXPECT ANY OF US TO TAKE YOUR PLACE IN THAT TRAPPED SPACECRAFT!

WHY NOT? IN COMPARISON TO THE VALUE OF MY STATUS, EACH ONE OF YOU IS EXPENDABLE!

PERHAPS--BY YOUR STANDARDS, BUT HERE, WE'RE ALL EQUAL!



VERY WELL! DO WHAT YOU MUST! BUT DO IT SWIFTLY! MY SHIP IS PLUNGING INTO THE SUN!

HOLD ON TO THAT INFLATED EGO A MOMENT LONGER. I'M ACTIVATING THE DIMENSION DOOR!

HURRY! THE SOLAR FLAMES ARE EVERYWHERE! THEY'RE DISSOLVING THE HULL!

DON'T PANIC! THE INSTRUMENT IS WORKING--AND YOU'RE COMING THROUGH!



AS IF IN REPLY TO MACHINE MAN'S WORDS, A SMALL PHANTOM FIGURE STALKS INTO VIEW...

THAT'S IT!

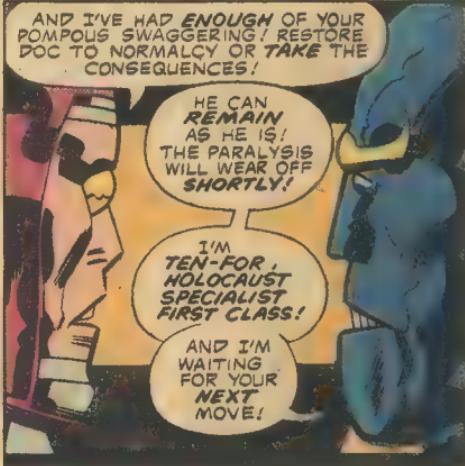
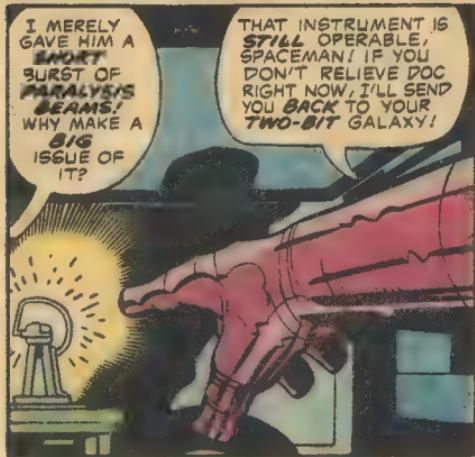
KEEP GOING! WE CAN SEE YOU NOW!



IT GROWS LARGER--CLEARER--CROSSING UNIMAGINABLE DISTANCES IN A BRIEF SPAN OF TIME...







AT THAT MOMENT, A POWERFUL SONIC FUSILLADE PENETRATES THE ROOM...



YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE BOthered TO ARRANGE AN AMBUSH!

BUT, I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT--!

MY NEUTRALIZERS CAN ABSORB THIS KIND OF ATTACK!



THERE ARE TROOPS OUTSIDE! BUT IT'S ME THEY'RE AFTER-- NOT YOU!

THAT'S A VERY CLUMSY LIE!

WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH YOU, I'LL TAKE PROPER CARE OF YOUR BACK-UP CREW!



BEFORE MACHINE MAN CAN ACT...

A VERTIGO INDUCER WILL PUT A HALT TO YOUR SCHEMING!

THERE'S NOTHING SO HELPLESS AS A MIND DISCONNECTED FROM ITS BODY!



MACHINE MAN IS ALMOST INSTANTLY PLUNGED INTO A ROTATING WORLD OF CONFUSED DIMENSIONS...

HIS FALL IS NEVER-ENDING -- HIS SENSES DIFFUSED...

I MUST TRY TO REGAIN CONTROL OF MY LIMBS--OR BE LOST HERE, FOREVER!



MEANTIME...

WHAT I'VE DONE TO YOU IS SMALL IN COMPARISON TO THE TREATMENT IN STORE FOR YOUR HIDDEN COLLABORATORS!

THE SURPRISE WILL KILL THEM!



THOSE WHO ATTACK TEN-FOR MUST EXPECT A TOUCH OF HOLOCAUST!



BUT, INSIDE THE ROOM...

MACHINE MAN! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?!



I SAW WHAT HAPPENED,
BUT I COULDN'T MOVE
UNTIL THIS MOMENT!

DON'T WASTE
TIME! WE'VE
GOT TO STOP
TEN-FOR!

MY ATTENDANTS
LEFT TO GET SOME
ADDITIONAL
HELP-- BUT I'LL
DO MY BEST
UNTIL IT
ARRIVES!

DO EXACTLY AS
I TELL YOU, DOC.
PULL ME TO THE
CENTER OF THE
ROOM AND PUT
ME ON MY
BACK...

THE CYLINDER
ON YOUR FORE-
HEAD-- IS
THAT THE
PROBLEM?

YES! SEE IF
YOU CAN
REMOVE IT--
BUT DO IT
CAREFULLY!

IT'S ROBBED
ME OF THE USE
OF MY LIMBS--
BUT I'VE MANAGED
TO KEEP THE
CONTROL OF MY
VOICE AND HEARING
UNITS!

SURE-- JUST HANG
ON WHILE I
TUSSLE
WITH
THIS
THING!

YOU'RE MY
ONLY CHANCE
TO
RECOVER!

YOU MUST
DO IT,
SPALDING!

WE CAN'T
AFFORD
TO FAIL!

DON'T WORRY.
THE
AUTHORITIES
WILL DEAL WITH
TEN-FOR.

DIDN'T YOU HEAR THAT
SPACE-DEVIL? HE SAID
HE WAS A HOLOCAUST
SPECIALIST!

COMING! SEE IT AND GASP!!

THIS ENTIRE
PLANET MAY BE
IN DANGER!

BATTLE
ON A
VERY
BUSY
STREET

MACHINE MAIL

610 P. O. BOX 4943, THOUSAND OAKS, CA. 91360

The Unexpected Robot

What are we going to do with him when he arrives? Are we destined to treat him like a tin can in the Colonel Kragg tradition? Or will we face him with the attitude extended to others of our kind. Naturally, if the robot we meet is anything on the level of Machine Man, it's going to be mighty difficult to assume an officious or hostile manner. Machine Man, for all his metallic composition, is in effect, a likable and intelligent type who is bound to disarm the first person with whom he comes into contact. I'm quite certain that you'd accept him as a fellow human as soon as your conversation was under way.

I can tell you that when I draw him, I visualize Machine Man not, as Number X-51, but Aaron Stack, a nice, young man of twenty-six with good, scholastic credentials and a person of positive and constructive qualities. The thoughts of cold, hard steel and finger weapons system and electronic units are far from my mind until the action starts.

He's not a robot as far as I'm concerned. Somewhere, in his wired brain is a god-like element similar or exactly the same as the one which establishes me as a human being. And, yet, the moment always comes when the metal body begins to function in ways that thoroughly disturb me. Our differences become apparent and alienation sets in. Aaron Stack has vanished, and I'm in the awkward position of giving way to prejudices spawned by fear. I don't for one minute believe that any of us would deny Aaron Stack his due. But, I'll bet my polka-dot shorts that the sudden appearance of Machine Men in our midst is going to make us mighty uneasy.

There's no doubt that we're going to embarrass them. Can you imagine yourself helping a Machine Man to fill out a job application? "Where were you born?", you would say. "In the Polytechnic Diesel Works", he might reply, "On the fourth assembly line to the right." Of course, this might draw a barrel of yoks among us gentry. But, your Machine Man applicant is going to be dead serious. A slight smile on your part is going to earn you a neat crease in your skull.

It may be that this kind of repartee and other social contacts with metal-bodied individuals could well lead us into areas of conflict that could burgeon into world-wide issues.

The future may very well see both humans and Machine Men picketing the White House in the cause of fairness for each species.

Think of the job problem. Machine Men could outscore humans in any capacity. They could operate with flawless efficiency as mobile lathes and welding mechanisms. The human mechanic would soon be as scarce as a dinosaur egg. It's needless to extrapolate on the debacle that would result from human and Machine Man competition on an olympic field. Our guys would be yelling "foul!" until the sun went down.

However, I can't exactly foresee these metal tyros stealing the affections of our girls. But, you've got to admit that their perfect coordination and timing would make them terrific dancing partners.

It will take an adjustment of monumental effort on behalf of humans to live as brothers with the ultimate product of their own technology. After ruling this planet for countless ages, man may suddenly find himself sharing it with beings equal or superior to himself. That will be a traumatic moment. There will be gnashing of teeth but also many ameliorating benefits.

Machine Men could scout the planets for us. Working unalarmed in surroundings hostile to Men, they could pave the way for colonization and new discoveries in many fields. They could explore our oceans for places conducive to undersea farming. Earthquake Information could be increased to a level of smooth predictability. These lovable rascals may well be the rescue teams who reach your plane wreck when you're down in some god-forsaken inaccessible spot in need of immediate help.

No, we're not going to knock our Machine Men, but we're not going to love them either. After all, we're only human.

Right or wrong, what's your slant on this projection? I'd like to know. Write to

Jack Kirby
P.O. Box 4943
Thousand Oaks, California 91360

THE EXCITEMENT NEVER STOPS! MARVEL'S STRANGEST HEROES HAVE NEVER BEEN WILDER!
YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS--



X-MEN™

BY CHRIS
CLAREMONT
& JOHN BYRNE!
ON SALE NOW!



scanned by *Wizard*

